

The Chrouicle History

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of *Masbam* :
And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,
This same is yours ;

Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboard to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparence?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.

Masb. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done :
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These english Monsters :
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor ;
And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,
To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,
This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.
But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold ;
Wouldst thou haue practisde on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible, that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grosse

As

of Henry the

As blacke from white, mine
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of
And God acquit them of the

Exe. I arrest thee of high
By the name of *Richard*, Earle
I arrest thee of high treason.
By the name of *Henry*, Lord
I arrest thee of high treason
By the name of *Thomas Grey*
Knight of *Northumberland*.

Masb. Our purposes God
And I repent my fault more
Which I beseech your Maie
Although my body pay the p

King. God quit you in his
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd against
Ioyned with an enemy procl
And from his Coffers receiu
death,

Touching our person we see
But we our kingdomes safet
Whose ruine you haue sough
That to our lawes we do del
Get you hence, poore misera
The taste whereof, God in h
To endure, and true repent
Beare them hence.

Now Lords to *France* : The
Shall be to you as vs, success
Since God cut off this dang
Cheerly to sea, the signes of
No King of *England*, if not